### The Burglar.

tichard Johnstone, commonly known as "Dirty Dick" had made a new start in life. For the last three years he had earned his daily beer by doing odd jobs for such citizens as needed an unskilled painter. This honorable, but scarcely lucrative, profession was now closed to him. He had never loved work: he had a distante for that great system of co-operation that is so marked a feature at the present day, In | mum his own words, "he didn't want no bloomin' master nor yet no bloomin' pals. He wanted to work on 'is own." Nevertheless he remembered with pride that in the words of the judge, who addressed him from the bench, he had "for the last three years followed a most respectable calling."

Richard had described himself as a "tarman" and the judge had entered him on his notes as a "carman," and was laboring under this triffing misapprehension when he addressed the prisoner before sentencing him to six months' hard labor for an aggravated assault on one of his employers.

The six months were over now, but Richard felt that this most respectable calling must of necessity be closed to an ex-convict. He had, therefore, chosen another that would enable him to gratify his passion for independent work. He was new about to enter upon this new pro-fession. It was an important step, and Richard was too shrewd a man to take it hastily. He had made the usual enquiries. and had satisfied bimself that "The Ceservants were absent; fourthly, there was a most tempting little balcony over the hall door; and last, but not least, there was not another house within a mile. was not another house within a mile. Richard looked regretfully at his new and shuing tools which had cost him nearly his last penny; they would be almost useless in a case like this; still, perhaps it was best to begin with an easy Job. Even a bursia; cannot expect to spring into fame and wealth at once.

"Get up," she cried, "you miserable fool, get up," Jane got up, still screeching, with a lest frautic effort the burglar sprang into the saddle, wobbled wildly of three yards, and crashed into the ditch. He struggled to his feet, trampling the biseless in a case like this; still, perhaps it was best to begin with an easy Job. Even a bursia; cannot expect to spring into fame. Burgulars" she wald not not the floor again.

"Burgulars" she cried, "you miserable fool, get up." Jane got up, still screeching, with a last frautic effort the burglar sprang into the saddle, wobbled wildly of three yards, and crashed into the ditch. He struggled to his feet, trampling the biseless in a case like this; still, perhaps it she wald, flercely; "be quiet, or I'll kill of the into a proper in the saddle, wobbled wildly of the struggled to his feet, trampling the biseless in a case like this; still, perhaps it she wald, flercely; "be quiet, or I'll kill of the into a proper in the saddle, wobbled wildly of the struggled to his feet, trampling the biseless in a case like this; still, perhaps it was best to begin with an easy Job. Even a bursia, cannot expect to spring into fame. "Burgulars" and the floor again. "Stop you cannot be a structure of the saddle, with a last frautic effort the bursiant of the saddle, wobbled wildly of the structure of the saddle. With a last frautic effort the bursiant of the saddle, wobbled wildly of the saddle, wobbled wildly of the saddle, wobbled wildly of the saddle. With a last frautic effort the bursiant of the saddle, wobbled wildly of the saddle was best to begin with an easy job. Even to a burgia: cannot expect to spring into fame and wealth at once.

He slipped over the low wall, crossed the burgulars. There's a m—man in my

ous bags for the carriage of tools and booty picturesquely about his person, and started to climb the trells-work against the house. He reached the little balcony and stepped cauticusty on to it. There were two works to be considered to the control of the carriage of the control of the carriage of the well-kept lawn, and halted a little to the right of the porch. He arranged the vari-ous bass for the carriage of tools and booty burn: to climb the trelia-work against the house. He reached the little balcony and stepped cauticusly on to it. There were two windows opening on to it: one a French windows which was closed; the other, an ordinary respectable British window, which was slightly open.

The artist in Richard was awake that night—any casual amateur could sater a house by an open window; it was a burglars—burgul

the window was no more open at the end of his work than it had been at the beginning. There was a little sawdust on the balcony, and that was all. Richard looked again at the open window and pondered. The room was a bedroom, he knew, because when he had examined the house in the morning he had examined the house in the morning he had examined the house in the morning he had not teed the hack of a looking glass at the window. In Richard's philosophy an open window meant an empty bedroom; he never slept with a bloomin' wind blowing at him, not he; but perhaps some folks were fools enough to like it. Then, after all. She stood still, listening, listening. Yes, there it was again, it beauting. Istening. Yes, there it was again, it beauting. Istening. Yes there it was again, it beauting. Istening. Yes, there it was again, it beauting. Istening. Istening. Yes, there it was again, it beauting. Istening. Istening. It is tening. It is te

burte me—oh, it does hurt me so."

That was enough for Richard; he wasn't and waited. The door of the room open going to intrude where he wasn't wanted. "It's the housemaid," he thought. "She won't see me." room. The mistress of the house was there and her little son, and the housemaid— the only servant at home that night. It was the housemaid that had snored and then called out. He knew her voice; he had thought of trying to get her to help at one time, but, true to his rule of having no pals, he had abandoned the idea. Well, then, these were the points to consider: First, the other rooms must be empty. That was good. Secondly, all the three occupants of the house were awake. That was bad. Should he go down again and to get in on the ground floor, or should climb up the trellie-work to another

He decided on the latter course. The ground floor windows would have shutters; besides, the people might go down to the kitchen to get drinks for the boy or something. What was all the good of his climb-ing as a painter if he couldn't climb now? He readjusted his discredited tools, awang himself off the balcony and started to go up the trellis-work to the next window.

In all the weary months since that sad November morning, when she saw the ship that bore her husband and his comrades thrashing its way seeward through the fog. Mrs. Thorburn had never felt her loss so keenly as she did this night. She had sent her husband to his duty with a smiling true that her husband to his duty with a smiling true that her husband to his duty with a smiling mrin. Perhaps the light was bed, perhaps the light was perhaps the set perhaps the light was perhaps the set perhaps the fascination grin. Perhaps the light was perhaps the fascination grin. Perhaps the light was perhaps the fascination was overdone. Let the cause be what it may, the effect was terrible. Jane sprang back with a frightful screech turned, screeched again, and then fled wildly from the room, leaving the unsuccessful Lothario still standing print. Perhaps the light was perhaps the fascinating grin. Perhaps the light was perhaps the fascination grin. Perhaps the light was overdone. face; she had braced her nerves to bear the freedful strain of walting, braced herself even to bear the news of that glorious "Killed in action," that might come to strike her heart at any moment. She was proud to be a soldier's wife. But this night—how she longed to have him back, at all costs to his country, to his honor, to have him with her now. For their son, their only son, was ill, seized in the grip of one of those sudden sick-

nesses that mothers know so well.

The nearest doctor lived two miles away she had no neighbors, and there was no one in the house but the housemaid, Jane, Jane had been despatched for the dictor had gone and found him not at home, and, with a literal obedience worthy of the British army, had returned leaving no name or message because she had had no orders to do so. The boy appeared to grow casier—he was sleeping when Jane return-ed, and Mrs. Thorburn watching by the bed was less anxious now. She made Jan sit in the chair near the fire to be ready for any emergency. The snore that Richard heart had awakeved the boy-he was in pain, restless, calling to his mother, and now and again wringing that mother's heart by crying, "Father, father." The erles grew more piteous, the child seemed weaker. "Jane," she whispered, "you must Dr. Dean must be in now-go and bring him back with you. If he is not in, go to the Bell, ring them up, and make Mr. Jones drive you into Leamington. Be "I can't, mum," was the answer.

"You must. I cannot leave the boy now. Please, please go—for the boy's sake, Jane, go, and go quickly." "I'm that tired, mum. I'll drop by the

Go to the nearest house, then. Go and tell them to fetch the doctor. Oh, can't you see how ill he ta?" Jane rose slowly and with many groans proceeded to the door. "Well mum sines

will 'ave it, I'll go and put on my "Things! Take my cloak-and Captain

Thorburn's cap—"

Jane drew herself up, "No, mum," she
said, haughtliy: "If I must hintrude on
people in the dead of night, I'll do it in
my 'at."

"Quick, then. Where is your hat?"

laid it there when I come in just now, women and a little boy. And you are a I'm to go to Plummer's, mum?"
s, that is the nearest. Tell him to ring Dr. Dean here; and if he is not in, o go on to Leamington and fetch the first octor he can find. And, Jane—if you meet man on the road near here bring him ack and make him put the bridle on Jere-

oy and ride him."
"There ain't no saddle, mum."
"Never mind; do as I tell you."
"The cart's gone to be mended, mum "I know it has. Oh, don't stand talking here, Jane; go at once. Please go at

Ave you got the key of the stable

"Yes, it's in my room, on the mantel-"Yes, mum. And I'm to tell Plummer to come back here and fetch Jeremy?"
"No, no, not Plummer—if you get to Plummer's tell him to start at once—but if

you meet a man near here — "
"A strange man, mum? Oh, I couldn't, The boy had hold of Mrs. Thorburn's bands; she could not move; if she had been free, no sense of dignity could have

hands; she could not move; been free, no sense of dignity could have upon the floor, and was upon the stairs in three strides, has unchanted and opened the front door, and was running down the road to Shelton before his brain began to work. He had gone nearly a quarter of a mile before it struck him that this was not strictly burglary. He stackened his speed for a moment. He stackened his speed for a moment. the child's feverish clasp and laid it on his forehead. The soft, cool touch seemed to soothe him; the poor, frightened eyes closed; the quick, painful panting ceased— he was falling asleep. Suddenly, from the room overhead, came a wild scream that ran along the mother's nerves like a flame of fire, making the grasp of her right hand suddenly tucken on the slender little hand suddenly tighten on the sleuder little fingers that it held. The scream was foldars' was in every way a most suitable house for a beginner. In the first place there was no dog; secondly, the master of the bouse was in South Africa, leaving his wife at home; thirdly, two of the three servants were absent; fourthly, there was a most temptrice little balcony over the screeching mass of drapery on the floor. Every the suitable of the screeching mass of drapery on the floor. Suddenly a large man came running to the screeching mass of drapery on the floor.

turned to the French window and tried his could she do?

new tools on it, one after the other. He burrowed into the wood like an ant, but upon the upper staircase. Someone was the window was no more open at the end of his work than it had been at the beginning. There was a little sawdust on the balcony, and that was all. Richard looked again at the open window and pondered

like it. Then, again, it might be a trap. He tried to peer into the room, but heavy curtains obstructed the view. At last with room that he had entered—large, and rathinfinite care, he put his hand through the opening and moved one of the curtains with his lantern; there was no one there, siligatly. The room was nearly dark, but of course, he knew that, but it disappoint not quite. It seemed to him there must be a light of some kind in it, but he couldn't worth taking there either. There were make out where it was. Then there came two beds, two dressing tables, four chairs, to his ears a sound—a familiar sound, that two wash-hand stands, everything plain carried him back to the days of his innocent childhood and his father's room in vants' bedroom. Well, there might be a Brigson's Buildings, E. It was a snore; shilling or two to pick up even there. He a good, uncompromising British snore.

A figure crossed his field of vision, with swift, silent steps. There was a gurgling dresses behind it. His inventory was cut sound and then a cry. "Oh, lor, mum, how you startled me!" "Hush, hush, for God"s below, and he heard steps coming upstairs sake!" said another voice, in a hissing He hurriedly shaded the lantern, and whisper; "you'll wake him—you were snor-"Well, mum, and if I was—I'm that red—"
"Be quiet, be quiet, I tell you." Then third voice joined in, a feeble, wailing lice. "Mother" it was a substantial to the curtain first and shade your lantern afterward. Richard caught his foot an awful crack against the bed in passing; he was wearing light symnasium shows a substantial to the curtain, learning something of his trade as he did so. Always dash for the curtain, learning something of his trade as he did so. Always dash for the curtain, learning something of his trade as he did so. Always dash for the curtain, learning something of his trade as he did so. Always dash for the curtain, learning something of his trade as he did so. Always dash for the curtain first and shade your lantern at the curtain first a d voice joined in, a feeble, waiting in was wearing light symmation above, to "Mother," it cried, "mother, it that the pain was considerable. He kept that thought inside his thoughts inside his thought inside his thought to intrude where he wasn't wanted. "It's the housemaid," he thought. "She'll wasn't wasn'

There was a click, and the room was suddenly flooded with light. It struck Richard that it was almost indecent for people who lived in a house of this kind to have electric light in the servanta' bedroom. However, he said nothing, but waited quietly behind the curtain. Jane entered. Richard knew Jane by sight, for, as has been already mentioned he had thought of taking her into his confidence.
"If she finds me, it won't do any harm to make a pal of her row," he thought, secure in the power of his own attractions. Jane was muttering to herself: she picked a hat up from the bed and adjust-ed it carefully at one of the looking-glasses. Then she turned and came slowly and deliberately toward the curtain muttering was audible now. "The she makes about that squalling brat," said, and drew the curtain savagely aside Richard had determined on a policy of ingratiation; he stood stock still and mov-ed nothing but his mouth. This were a fascinating grin. Perhaps the light was

"When love rejected turns to hate" there's sure to be trouble, as the poet truly says, and Richard was angry. His self-respect had been sorely hurt; his plan had failed. His vanity was in even worse plight: he had smiled upon a woman, and she had started back and screamed as if he were a toad. The screams were still plainly audible; there was no need for concealment now. Since love had failed, concealment now. Since love had failed, he must try what terror could do. He would go down—scare the women out of their lives, make them give up what they had in the way of valuables, and then decamp. It was too late to go back now. He had been seen—possibly recognized; he might as well get something for his pains. He strode firmly to the door and descended the stairs, planting each foot heavily, to strike awe into the hearts of those below. He was guiled by Jane's screams to the sick room; the door was open, and just as he reached it the electric light was turned on. All the better; it was no time for concealment now.

open, and just as he reached it the electric light was turned on. All the better; it was no time for concealment now; the light would show these women that he held a pistol in his hand. He strede into the He hurriedly struck down one of the two pistol in his hand, he strode into the room, holding his bag of tools in one hand and his new cheap revolver in the other. He glanced around. Jane was still groveling on the floor, the little boy had raised himself in bed, his mother stood near him. The eyes of all three were fixed on Richard's face. He advanced another step show and incremelle as fate. step; slow and inexorable as fate. It was most effective. Jane dropped her head on the floor egain, the boy seized his mother's hand and began to cry; only Mrs. Thorburn was unmoved. "Well, sir," she said, "what

do you want here?" Richard made an effort, and produced a voice from somewhere in the lower region of his waistvoat—a voice hoarse and hollow —the voice of the Adelphi murderer. "What do I want?" he said: "I wants ye

jewels and yer money, and if yer don't 'and 'em over quick, I wants yer life." The voice was rather cracked and weak toward the end of this long centence, but on the whole it was an admirable perform-ance. Mrs. Thorburp looked at him in si-lence—Richard did not understand or like her attitude he was gathering himse'f together for another effort, when she spoke,
"You have come here," she said, slowly,
"because you knew that Captain Thorburn
was away in Africa—because you knew that
there was no one in the house but two

floor. "I-I suppose so." "You find him a faithful servant, knew that The doctor laughed. "I thought so," he but two said; "so faithful that he threatened to

that so?"

shoot me if I wouldn't come to see your boy. Perhaps you'd like to speak to him. msu-an Englishman! You coward, you miserable, dastardly coward!" He stood before her like a stopped clock. I'll just go and see how the housemaid is getting on. I'll be back directly," and he eft the room.

oft the room.

Mrs. Thorburn advanced quickly to the this? He said nothing. There was no sound in the room but the gurgling of Jane "I thank you from my heart," she said.
You have been a good friend to me and on my boy tonight," and she held out her upon the floor and the cries of the little boy in the bed. These cries ruddenly ceased, there was a choking sob, and then silence. Mrs. Thorburn turned to the bed; her son's head had fallen back on the pli-low-he had fainted. She dashed to the Richard took it, blinking miserably. She locked at him for a moment, and then, You heard what I said just now. I have upboard, feiched a little bottle, and mois tened the bey's lips with the contents. A little color came into his cheeks, his eyes opened, and he began to mosn. Jane was

What was a man to do with a woman like

this?

from the cottage.

"Very good," said the large man; "and whom were you going to fetch?"

The large man moved another step near-

er. "Now, my man," said he, cheerfully,
"you will kindly come along with me. If
you come quietly it will be all the better
for you, but I'm afraid I must give you in

charge. Don't move, now."
"What for?" said Richard, angrily. "I'm
goin' for a doctor, I tell 'ee."
"Yes, you've told me quite enough. You

say you're Mrs. Thorburn's man; Mrs. Thorburn's man is lying ill in that cottage. You say you know Dr. Dean—well, I am Dr.

Dean. And, now, will you come quietly?"
"You are Dr. Dean?" said Richard.

Then I'll blow your brains out,"

eated Richard, weakly.
"Much good I should be then," said Dr.

Fo pondered for a moment, then: "Ere's the bloomin' pistol," he said, "and now come along."

all, or you're cleverer than you look," said the doctor, pocketing the weapon. "Come on, we'll have to run for it; you've

had run the distance twice at full speed was almost at the last gasp. Mrs. Thor

'Yes, yes; come upstairs at once," and

she disappeared. The doctor turned and

looked at his companion critically. "You teld the truth." he said. "I beg your

pardon. You had better come it and sit down; you seem fatigued. I will leave the front door open, so that if you feel in need of a walk"—he paused, and then, with

meaning, "you can take your hook." Richard followed him blindly through the hall and sat heavily down at the foot of

the stairs. The doctor ran lightly up to

the front room and entered. Richard could hear the faint sound of their talk in

spite of the buzzing of his weary head. He

was not conscious of any consecutive traffic of thought, but he found himself at last

repeating over and over again, "I wonder ow the little varmit is?" He rose and walked unsteadily upstairs; he went on

knobe and dashed forward into the room

It was only another error. No darkness

stood irresolute, hopeless, in the middle of the room, hanging his head, as the doctor and Mrs. Thorburn turned toward him.

There was a pause; then the doctor stepped forward. "Aha!" said he, "there is your messen-

ger; come to see the patient, I suppose Well, I can satisfy your anxiety—the pa-tient is doing well. Do you know this worthy person, Mrs. Thorburn?"

The mother looked long at the man. Yes," she said, at last; "I know him." "He said he was working for you. Is

The doctor paused, looking first at the

won an, then at the miserable man. "Are those the tools he works with?" he said,

carelessly, picking up the bag from the

came; on the contrary, a second sprang into being above the bed. H

smashed my bicycle, confound

'By Jove, you're speaking the truth after

"Dr. Dean," was the answer.

'Do you know him?"

thickly.

pony and trap, and there is the garden o look after—I'm sure you could learn to to that, and there are two rooms over the still gurgling on the floor, while Richard watched the scene with vacant eyes. The rules of burglary as he knew them did not stable where the last man used to live, deal with cases such as this. Suddenly the mother turned toward him. "Man," she cried, "he's dying; go, go; run to Dr. Dean's." bailiy; poor Cookson, who used to work for me, is too ill to do so any longer, the doctor tells me. Will you take the place? Then as the man was still silent she wen Denu's."

Dr. Dean!" repeated Richard, foolishly,

"Yos, yea, at Shelton—the first house in
the village; run, man, run. He's dying!
Oh, can't you see he's dying?"
Richard turned, dropped his bag of toola on, with a little laugh: "You know I told Dr. Dean you were working for me-you wouldn't make me a liar, would you?" Richard blinked still more. for it, lady ' he said, at last, so gruffly that she could hardly hear the words. "It is for me to judge of that," she said.

"You have shown yourself a kind and honest man tonight." He was fairly biabbering now. "God bless you, lady," wiping his eyes with the back of his sleeve. "God bless you. I'd—

He slackened his speed for a moment. Then, "That's a five woman!" he sa'd, aloud; "a bloomin' fine woman," and this thought occupied his mind for another mile I'd bloomin' well die for you." There was a step upon the stairs and the doctor entered, shooting a questioning glance at the moist Richard, "Well, Mrs. or more. He was only half a nille from Shelton when he noticed a cottage by the side of the road-noticed the gate of that cottage and a bicycle gleaming in the moonlight by the side of the gate. He Thorborn, I'm afraid you've lost a serv-ant," he said, cheerly. "Oh, no, I don't mean this worthy fellow. I mean Jane The hysteria has passed off, but a sense of lajury remains. I left her packing her soxes. Perhaps," and again he glanced at stopped, his head buzzing and thumping he penitent one, "perhaps it is as well. And now, my dear madam, it is nearly day. If you will allow me I have a suggestion make. That is, that this worthy gentleman should leave your service and walk with me to Shelton."

"No, no," said Mrs. Thorburn, hastily,
"It is all right. He—he is to take Cookon's pince." The doctor looked at her. "Is this en-tirely wise?" he asked.

"Yes." was the decisive answer. "You have decided to take this man into your service, then? Very good. Then 1 "Stop, you scoun rel," he shouted, and seized him by the collar. Richard wrenched himself free, and the two men faced one another in the moonlight. No sound came suppose I must forgive him for transform ing my new free-wheel bicycle American wire puzzle. But in But in these circumstances I have another proposal make. Can you give me breakfast at "What are you playing at?" said the large man, edging gradually nearer. "Playin" at," said Richard; "playin" at? clock? I can cook it myself."

"Certainly, doctor," said Mrs. Thorburn, in a tone of surprise; "and there is no need for you to show your skill. The cook is ing in the carrier's cart at 7 o'clock coming in the carrier's cart at 7 o'clock."
"Very good, then. If I may, I want to
have a chat with this man of yours."

Mrs. Thorburn hesitated, "Very well,
doctor," she said at last; "but remember,

he is my man." "Certainly, certainly," said Dr. Dean,
"Come, my friend, we two champion run-ners will rest our weary limbs in the nown together to the kitchen.-Walter Ragge, in the Strand Magazine.

### THE MAN WITH A HUMP.

#### He Just Walked in Among the Super stitious Fraternity. (From the Detroit Journal.)

The Russell House lobby was crowded "Yes, I am Dr. Dean, "
"Then, If you're Dr. Dean, you come along to the Cedars."
"No, no; you come along to Shelton."
"It was noticeable that all the papers were opened at the sporting page, if was also noticeable that the proportion of clothes usually apoken of as "loud" was large, and that nearly all the men wors diamonds. The drone of the hurly-burly without penetrated the lobby. The only ofter noise was the rustling of the papers.

Suddenly there sauntered in at the door a small man. He wore grey clothes, and had a sombre face. His legs were lon, had a sombre face. His legs were lon, the rest of him, and there was that the man you met before vas my twin the men wors diamonds. The drone of the hurly-burly without the men wors diamonds. The drone of the hurly-burly without the men wors diamonds. The drone of the hurly-burly without the men wors diamonds. The drone of the hurly-burly without the men wors diamonds. The drone of the hurly-burly without the men wors diamonds. The drone of the hurly-burly without the m this morning. Men in summer attire sat in the depths of the big leather chairs and either fanned themselves with their hats or were engaged in reading the pame back with me, or I'll blow your under the boy's dyin', I tell 'ee.'

The doctor had gathered himself together or a spring; but at these words he started. "The boy!" he gaid.

"Yus, the boy."

followed by a change in the lolling men. Papers were folded up and placed in pockets. Hats were replaced, and it became apparent that the men were making ready to move. A big man with a smooth face, from grey hair, and a cluster of dia-monds in his shirt-front, raised himself from a chair and strolled idly toward the from a chair and strong the He brushed little man with the curvature. He brushed against the back of the little man's coat against the bar. Then a He brushed gravely. ilin man with a black moustache, a white ace, and a checked suit moved toward the urvature. He approached it from behind, ouched it reverently with his band, and

think I've got everything in this bag that passed out into the street. One after another the men in the lobby will be necessary. Come on," and they started to run side by side along the lonely One after another the men is an arrow of the time the owner of that deformity stood that the time the owner of that deformity stood that the time the owner of that deformity stood that the time the owner of that deformity stood that the time the owner of that deformity stood that the time the owner of that deformity stood that the time the owner of that deformity stood that the owner of that deformity stood that the owner of that deformity stood the time the owner of the time the tim quietly. He paid no attention to the vari-Richard-he reached "The Cedara" fit and ous men who approached him. Some of them, bolder than the others, even rubbed the back of the grey coat, but the little cool: the burglar, who it must be admitted burn was at the window over the porch.
"Is that you, Dr. Dean?" she cried.
"It is, madam," said the doctor; "you man did not turn his head.

"That's a queer sight," said a horseman.
"Men who take chances are always super-stitious," and he approached the man with the curvature. "I should think" said the horseman,

"that you wouldn't like to have these cheap gams rubbing up against your hump for luck." "I don't mind," said the little man. "You see that guy outside the window looking in? Well, I bet him a 10 spot that could come in here and in ten minutes an even dozen men would touch my hump. I guess I've got four to spare and I'm going to collect the money. I follow the races

### myself. City of Mexico's Progress.

(From the Mexican Herald.) good; we have quicker and more comfort-able transportation; we have a wider spread prosperity and one that penetrates to a lower strain of society than was formerly the case; we have, through the new telegraphic facilities, a direct touch with all the rest of the world; provincialism is disappearing; money is made more easily and the banks, always the index of the business life of a people, are showing the marvelous commercial and industrial movement of Mexico. There are according to the more restally as in former times. The City of Mexico is a modern capital, full of sir and movement, and the new resident sections reveal the growing wealth of the community.

She was standing at the end of a long hall when he first saw her; and at the sight of her the words he was saying diel on his lips, and he interrupted himself to ask: "Who is that girl in blue—the light-haired one, with the long lashes?"

Eleanor Davenport, said the matron at his side. "Don't you know her?"

Will you pregent me?" he eagerly demanded. But just then some one else claimed the matron's attention, the crowd stir and movement, and the new resident when personally, as in former times. The City of Mexico is a modern capital, full of sir and movement, and the new resident when personally as in former times. The City of Mexico is a modern capital, full of sir and movement, and the new resident when personally as in former times. The City of Mexico is a modern capital, full of sir and movement, and the new saying diel on his lips, and he interrupted himself to ask:

Will you pregent me?" he eagerly demanded. But just then some one else claimed the matron's attention, the crowd have the provided to the matron's attention, the crowd have the provided when he first saw her; and at the sight of her the words he was saying diel on his lips, and he interrupted himself to ask:

Will you pregent me?" he eagerly demanded. But just then some one else claimed the matron's attention, the crowd here. The community is a first touch with the sight of the provided to the control of the community has a former time and the sight of the provid pread prosperity and one that penetrates ommunity.

Yet something has been lost; old foreign residents know it; the fine old typical Mexican people know it. There is more ocial life, of a sort, more of the pomp and cride of life, and infinitely more of a petty locial striving which brings heartburnings and envies that eat into people's souls as acid eats into iron. The old friendliness which made the society people of Mexico eem like a great family has almost departed, Commercialism, absorbing men's minds, and an intensity of business appliation unknown fifteen or twenty years ago, have set their imprint on our social life. Money has become here, as elsewhere, the ruling passion. In the Mexican society of the past rich and poor and people only moderately well off mingled tocether in the freedom of a society which placed its emphasis on blood and breeding.

races of this charming social ideal surice in the older and numerous Mexican the older and numerous Mexican and in provincial cities it is still But a change has come, as when me, now."

Think if you had never met in northern climes the wasting hand of winter touches the warm glories of autumnal splendor. The old patriarchal society, like that of the Roman families even of our day, is a vanishing thing.

"It's too serious for joking," protested happened the beautiful to be the state of the Roman families even of our day, is a vanishing thing.

"It's too serious for joking," protested happened the beautiful to be the state of the Roman families even and there wasn't a thing to do. I tried to read, and reading made my head sche, and of our day, is a vanishing thing.

## Without Introduction

if Harding had not had a twin brother he would have been completely taken by surprise when the girl spoke to him in the train, for he was sure he had never met her before; she was not the kind of girl to be forgotten. But his striking resemblance to his brother explained her mistake. The girl was the only person in the car-

riage when Harding entered it. She was of medium height, fair, light hair. She had barely glanced at him as he entered the train; the was buried in a new magazine. While he was watching her profile the girl turned suddenly. aught his eye, and then impulsively turned toward him, holding out her hand. "How do you do?" she said cordially. I'm delighted to meet a friend! I've

been traveling for hours and I'm bored to death." Harding greeted his twin brother's friend

with cordiality equal to her own-"Wonder where Ted met her?" he thought. "I wonder if it was at Buxton or at the seashore? Oh, perhaps he's waltzed with her. I wonder who on earth

she is?" "You might at least say you are glad to see me," continued the girl,

Harding lied cheerfully. "I was thinking of you just before the train came in," he said, "and wondering when we should have such pure unalloyed jollity again as the day we spent together.
The girl looked at him in amusement, and then she gave a musical peal of laugh-

'Indeed, yes," she said. "And do you remember," the girl went on, "that lovely evening on the lake?"

on, "that lovely evening on the lake?"
"Don't 1?" said Harding.

He was about to add a reminiscent remark of gafe and general character about the dip of the oars, when the girl added:
"How clear and frosty the air was, and how our skates skimmed over the ice!"
Harding almost grasped at his narrow escape. He decided to let the girl do her

n talking. And do you remember that evening on and do you remanuer that evening on the veranda"—the girl lowered her voice suggestively, "when it was too dark to see my eyes, and you declared they were blue, though I almost persuaded you they were hazel? 'How could I forget" said Harding, with

a bold plunge. "Bu you didn't "almost "Do you mean to say," she cried to the persuade me. I know your eyes too well." latest arrival, "that you are the one I met

a nord persuade' me. I know your eyes too well.

And he gazed into them.

"If that is the case," said the girl, and her voice frosted over suddenly, "how did it happen that you didn't recognize me when you get into the train, you looked straight at me?"

"My unfortunate eyes!" stammered tharding, clutching desperately at the first Harding, clutching desperately at the first excuse that came. "I'm so confoundedly "You shall have just as many as your brother chocs s to assign you," said Etanor turned to Ted in wrath. "Do you call yourself a man of in wrath."

"Come, my friend, we two champlon runners will rest our weary limbs in the kitchen. I want to talk to you, to give you a few hints—about gardening. I want you to be more successful there than in your last profession. Come along."

The doctor had the bag in one hand, he thrust the other through the arm of the wildered Richard, and both men went you were not honorable enough to undergous work of hints—about gardening. I want you were not honorable enough to undergous work of hints—about you were not honorable enough to undergous profession. Come along."

You explanation, though far from or relentiessly. "You shall ha for the care, "You a hall ha for the course that came. "I'm so contoundedly "You shall ha for the care, "You a hall ha for the care, "You a present of it. The contour hand the care that came. "I'm so contoundedly "You shall ha for the care, "You a present of it. The contour hand the care that came. "I'm so contoundedly "You shall ha for the care, "You a profession or relentiessly. The first care that came. "You shall ha for the care, "You a profession or relentiessly. The first care that came. "I'm so contoundedly "You shall ha for the care, "You a present of it. The first care that came. "You shall ha for the care, "You a present of it. The first care that came. "You shall ha for the care, "You a present of it. The first care that came. "I'm so contoundedly "You shall ha for the care, "You a present of it. The first care that came. "I'm so contoundedly "You shall ha for the care, "You a present of it. The first care that came. "You shall ha for the care, "You a present of it. The first care that came. "You shall ha for the care, "You a present of it. The first care that came. "You shall ha for the care, "You a present of it. The first care that came. "You shall ha for the care, "You a present of it. The first care that care the care, "You a present of it. The first care that the care that care the care, "You a said the fair the care, "You a present of it. The first care that care the care, "You a pr ceive me. I saw you were uncertain about the lake, and I tested you on the veranda. The veranda and the hazal eyes were pure fletion on my part—and on yours.
She rose with dignity and moved to the
far end of the carriage.
"Oh, Miss ——!" Harding paused, foll-

"Oh, Miss — !" Harding paused, foll-ed by the awkwardness of not knowing her name.

The girl's face relaxed a little. She

struggled with a smile. The smile won the day, and then Harding went over and took the seat beside her. "I beg your pardon," he said humbly, "and if you won't hear my explanation,

brother."

"Then who are you when you're not your brother?" said the sirl.

"I'm Will Harding" he explained, "and the man you met before was my twin brother Ted. He's the image of me, and people can't tell us apart—or together, for that matter. This sort of thing is always happening. We're both so used to it that "Yus, the boy."
"Well," said Dr. Dean, after a parse,
"you seem to know something of the family. "I'll come with you; but give me that
pistol—not necessarily for publication, but
a big chair and stood quietly with one
arm on the back. His appearance was

"I knew when you began to talk that I'd never met you before." Her eyes were brimming over with fun. "If I haven't said enough," added Hard-

"I hereby offer my most humble apol-"They are accepted," said the girl, gravely. "But you don't deserve it."
"I know," said Harding, humbly. "Perhaps this will be a lesson to me. You see, I never got into trouble before. We al-ways prime each other on important things —if we propose to s girl, for example, or borrow a sovereign from a friend, "Will you get that umbrella for me, please?" asked the girl, hurriedly. "This

The girl colored until even her pretty ears arew pink under the fluffy hair. "You might ask-Ted," she said, with a backward glance from the door.

When Harding went back to the seat he had vacated he found her handkerchief on the floor. In one corner was embroidered the monogram, "E. L. D."
"Ted," he said casually, a day or two la-"do you know any girl whose fuitials

are E .L. D?" re E. L. DT"
"Elsie Davis?" queried Ted.
"Never!" said Will. "Red hair."
"Ethel Dubois," suggested Ted.
"Black eyes and hair," said Will.

"This one is blonde. Not too blonde, you know; not blenchy, but lots of light hair, with glints in it and blue eyes, with stunting lashes, and good carriage. lashes, and good carriage. "Pretty bad case, isn't it?" said Ted, sympathetically.

"None of your business," said his broth-The modern era has brought us much configured to the configure and more comfortible transportation; we have a wider prising that Harding eventually met the pread prosperity and one that penetrates

again Miss Davenport had variated.
"I want to speak to you a moment, Mr.
Harding," said Miss Davenport, a few minutes later. Harding turned quickly at the
sound of her voice. "I have a confession to

tion I may not have a chance.

They were standing near a screen palms, and Miss Davenport stepped behind | it and mentioned him to follow.
"I don't suppose you will ever understand," she said, the color mounting to her wavy hair, "but I must tell you how it happened, and it is not because I'm afraid to meet your brother—it is because I am

make, and if I wait for a formal introduc-

"Don't tease me, please," she said. "It

is awful to tell-but-I never met your brother."
"Oh, don't take it so much to heart," said
"Oh, don't take if you had never met

I was bored to death, and then you got on the train. What did you say?"
"Nothing," said Harding. "Please go

"Well, when I saw you I thought what a pity it was that I should be bored and you should be bored, when we might—we might

"Might what?" said Harding. "Oh, you won't heip me out one bit!"
she sighed. "Why, if we weren't so conventional, or if we were only children—
don't you see?"—we should just have spoken
naturally, and both have been amused, ami

orgotten to be bered."
"I see," said Harding.
"And then I thought, suppose I shorld speak to you just as if I really were making a mistake and thought I knew you. And so I did, And you were so funny"-her blue eyes shot light. "You were so anxious to act your part, and you acted it so very badly. And when you confessed and apologized! But I can't tell you how despicable I feit, after leading you into it; and I registered a solemn yow after I left you that if I ever met you again I would confess. I am really sorry. Will you be Heve me?"

"I don't know," said Harding, solemnly; "you have deceived me once, you see." "But I never did it before," she pleaded. "And I was so bored."

"You have destroyed an illusion," said Harding saily, "You have destroyed my faith in man—I should say, in woman, Be-

sides, what will your chaperon say?"
"I shall never tell her."
"I should think not! What will sha say when I tell her?"
"You won't! You couldn't!"
"I shall, unless you bribe me."

"I'm completely at your mercy," she id. "What are your terms?" "Your card, with as many dances as I "I surrender."

"The first—and—"
"The first is promised."

"The first is promised."
"Not with my permission. However, I'll
waive the first and take the second and
the fourth."
"Hello, Ted!" said a voice that fell famillarly on Miss Eleanor's ears. "Nothing of the monopolist about you, is there? If of the monopolist about you, is there? I Miss Davenport is willing introduce me please. We've already met informally, but I'd like to have it on the proper footing, so that I may put in my humble and respect-

ful petition for a dance."
Eleanor Davenport looked up.
The man to whom she had made her confession and the newcomer were as much alike as two golf balls. She turned from one to the other. "Do you mean to say," she cried to the

"I'll give you one, dear Ted," said Will cheerfully. "Thank you very much, Miss Davenport. I am honestly appreciative." Later in the svening, when they were sitting out the last waitz, Eleanor said: "Don't you think, Will, we ought to hunt up your brother? Of course, it was terribly mean of him, but still—"

"I'm in no hurry," said Harding. "Ted will keep. I'm very happy here."
"But I thought," said Eleanor, the lashes drooping over her blue eyes, "I thought you said you always told each other when you had—proposed to a girl."
"That," said Harding, taking her hands in both of his "is only when we are re-

in both of his, "is only when we are re-fused."-London Answers. MR. VANDERBILT'S FOREST.

### The Millionaire's Wilderness to the Old North State.

(From Forest and Stream.) The Pisgah forest has cost Vanderbilt something like a quarter of a million of dollars, or about \$2.50 an acre. He has dollars, or about \$2.50 an acre. He has bought it in great or small tracts as rapidly as pessible, and now his rangers are the only denizens. There are five of them, all picked men of the mountains, of fine physique, good riders, and dead shots. One of them comes to meet the pilgrims and looks at their permit, which is a very important piece of paper. This forester, whose name is Kearns, is a type of the rangers, good-humored, tall, and strong, well mounted, with repeating rifle siuns at appening. We're both so used to it that a power correct the impression—just live to the role."

"fou didn't deceive me," said the girl. I knew when you began to the like an open book, and upon him and his associates a pression of the like an open book. a great and incessant responsibility de-volves. They must keep open the roads and the trails; see that the boundary fence, 200 miles in length, is all right; keep out poachers, look after the game and trout, and always be on the alert for timber stealers. The poachers would come from near and far to catch the trout, or rather to kill them by exploding dyna-mite cartridges in the deep pools where the big fellows lurk; or to kill the deer. the grouse (or pheasants, as they are known popularly), or the wild turkeys. At an incredible distance the trained ear

> dynamite, and he tracks the offender erringly, even into other counties and once into Tennessec.
>
> There are 265 miles of trail in this forest, the trails leading alongside each trout stream. There are seventy miles of road, passable for wagon. Trail and road are always kept in readiness against Mr. Vanderbilt's coming. He is, as the rangers say, "liable to come any time." There are miles of shooting paths, the latter fifteen feet in width, and cut out right and left from the roads. When deer are driven they must cross these paths, and by means of the latter alone can the hunter see them

> time to get a shot.
>
> The absence of noises other than those made by the streams is one of the most noticed things. Rarely is a note of a bird heard, and seldomer still is any feathered thing seen. So perfect and so dense is the cover that a deer can lie unseen only a few feet away. Numerous as the turkeys are, only one was flushed, and only a very few pheasants were seen. The sharp foot-marks of the deer are constantly visible in the trails, and alongside the streams are the footprints of the wildcat. High over head the golden eagle is seen soaring, and Ranger Kearns shows a mounted speci-men which he killed with a revolver as it

sat in a tree top eighty yards away.

Though Mr. Vanderbilt is not a sportsman, but a student, yet, as stated, all things are kept ready for him. His pleas-ure is the pleasure of others. On his last visit he only caught one trout, nor did he fire a gun. His wife was with him. She is a good horse obtain, and rode a pony up and down the steepest trails. Under pro-tection native trout are rapidly restocking the streams without artificial propagation. In some of the streams rainbow trout from California have been placed, but these are not so satisfactory a fish. They rapidly lose their rich colors, and have to be quickly eaten to be palatable, while the trout of the locality, properly dressed, keep well. In the old days, before there was protection, there were caught in two days in this very forest 1,550 trout, and most of this needless slaughter was pure waste. At Biltmore, Mr. Vanderbilt has an ar-boretum, one of the largest in the world, boretum, one of the largest in the world, and the pioneer in the United States. This was formerly under the direction of Gifford Pinchat, who is at present head forester of the United States; it is now under the direction of Dr. Schenck, as forester. In this arboretum more than three hundred thousand trees and shrubs have been plante! Plagah forest is the complement of the arboratum and in these states. ment of the arboretum, and in these wild woods Dr. Schenck has a lodge where he spends much of each summer with his class. In the latter are often youths of to study forestry a study which the United States sorely needs, since so many millions are daily devoting themselves to

### the task of forest destruction, and so fe: A Title That Has Its Uses. (From the Indianapolis Times.)

# The Wasted Epitaph

The cabriclet drew up near Richmond Park. Dr. Kittery, compiler of the famous Latin dictionary, and his second, Mr. Bodmin, stepped out and made their way to the open space of greensward among the trees where the duel was to take place. The sun had scarcely risen yet, and Mr. Bodmin thought with profound grief that it was only yesterday that the great dictionary had been finished, and only last night that the Doctor had held a leves of his admirers in the Green Lion Coffee House to celebrate the event. Unfortunately, Sir Edward Browne, being with the worse for wine, had ventured to dispute with the Doctor as to the meaning of "Zy-

"A mait liquor used by the Egyptians," said the Doctor, as one with authority. "A connection made from crocodiies' tears and lotos leaves," persisted Sir Ed-

tears and lotes leaves," persisted Sir Edward victously.

"Sir, you are impertinent," said the Doctor. "It is a mait liquor such as you yourself would do well to cultivate in piace of the more heady Falernian."

The doctor had accepted the invitation to a duel with his customary equanimity. He did not know one end of the pistol from another, and Mr. Bedmin was overcome with a double fear, being conviced, firstly, that the Doctor would be shot down like a sheep by his antagonist—a noted duellst; secondly, that in his great concern to fin-

a sheep by his antagonist—a noted duelist; secondly, that in his great concern to finish the composition of an epitaph which had already thrown him into a brown study the Doctor would either forget to pull his trigger at all or else shoot one of the seconds—either of which mishaps would be counted to him as a dishonor. But Mr. Bodmin was too faithful an admirer to re-

fuse the post of second.
"The hasty manner," said Dr. Kittery, as they got out, "in which affairs involving an appeal to the ultima ratio are brought to a conclusion appears to me to be as in-tolerable to the individual as it is dis-

graceful to the community."
"Have you been unable to complete it?"
naked Mr. Bodmin, knowing that the Doctor was thinking of the short time allowed for

his epitaph.
"Sir," said Dr. Kittery, "my epitaph may be ephemeral in duration, and must be less than ephemeral in construction. But I beg to remind you that it was at midnight I disagreed with Sir Edward on the subject of zythus, that three of my hours since have been devoted to slumber, and that one hour and thirty minutes have been con-sumed driving to this glade in that rackety cabriolet. You then ask me if I have com pleted my epitaph. My answer is, No, sir;

"But you have effected something," urged Mr. Bodmin, knowing that there was no chance of the Doctor attending to his pistol while the epitaph remained unfinished.

"If I had effected nothing," said the Doctor, 'I should be a fool."
"Pray let me hear what you have compored," said Mr. Bodmin, apologetically.
"Your interruptions are insufferable," said the Doctor, severely; "but it is my intention to recite the lines to you, in order that you may record them in your note-book. They are to this effect:

Stranger, here Kittery lies observe his fall, Statu by the recking tube's uncerting ball, Admirable!" murmured Mr. Bodmin,

'The racking tube's unerring ball'-ex-The phrase, no doubt, has a classic ring, 'said the Doctor, gratified; "but an epitaph should be essentially commemora-tive. This only commemorates my death; my more important achievements are neg-

"They speak for themselves," said Mr.
Bodmin. "You could not improve on your
present lines."
"Possibly I may be permitted, sir, to

consider myself as great an authority on the subject of epitaphs as you, said the Doctor, misliking this laudation. "Certainly, certainly," said Mr. Bodmin,

in haste. in haste.

"Very well, sir. I maintain that the epitaph is not complete. It will be my endeavor to remedy it during the five minutes of existence that still remain to me."

Mr. Bodmin clasped his hands in despain, Here they were already on the ground, and Sir Edward Browne's second already at him to manuscent the maces and load. him to measure out the paces and load

the pistols.
"Dr. Kittery will not agree to Sir Edward's version of zythus?"

Kittery is not in the habit of agreeing anything that mislikes him." "Nor Sir Edward." "Then the affair must proceed?" said

"Undoubtedly." Meanwhile the Doctor moved up and Meanwhile the Doctor moved up and down abstractedly, shifting his spectacles as an idea came or escaped him.

"I shall be compelled," he murmured, "to alter both lines. "Here, in this urn" (an invaluable Romanism), 'proud stranger, Kittery.' No, that violates the rule that substantives must be senarated."

that substantives must be separated.
"'Proud stranger!' Eb-what?" "'Proud stranger!' Eh-what?"
Mr. Bodmin, paler than before, had come of the ranger will hear the explosion of up, and was passing a pistol into his hand, "It's loaded," he said, as he led the Doc-

tor to his position.

The Doctor took it absently, murmuring to himself: "Here in this urn." "You will not, I beseech you, forget to pull the trigger when Sir Edward's second drops his kerchief?" said Mr. Bodmin. "Yes, yes," said the Doctor, impatient of interruption. "Here in this urn the bones of Kittery—"

"If," went on Mr. Bodmin, greatly daring, "you will but keep your pistol straight at Sir Edward, you may by chance his

"If you will but oblige me," said the Doc tor, "by ceasing to chatter I have the epi-taph on the tip of my tongue."
"Gentlemen!" announced the other secand "I shall ask if you are ready. Count three, and then drop my handkerchief! If either reserve his fire he shall fall by my hand!" "Remember!" said Bodmin, miserably,

slowly tearing himself away. "Here in this urn the bones of Kitters bide," returned the Doctor, "for words he lived."

"Are you ready, gentlemen? One-"And for a word"—continued the I "Two!-Three!"

"He died!" said the Doctor, half turning to Mr. Bodmin. At the same moment the 'kerchief fell. and two pistols rang out in unison. Mr. Bodmin, shrinking into himself with horfor, saw the Doctor's hat revolve suddenly hands and fell forward.

"You've hit him!" cried Mr. Bodmin. riumphantly,
"Hit whom?" said the Doctor, surprised. "Sir Edward? Impossible!"
"But, I assure you, it is true," said Mr. Bodmin; and indeed it was, beyond doubt,

"If I had only contemplated this," said the Doctor, thoughtfully, "I should have empleted a very good epitaph for him However, in either case, the last half of the second line would be suitable." "By good fortune," said Mr. Bodmin "he is only wounded in the leg!"
"S'death!" said Dr. Kittery, indignantly.

China's Great Canal System.

"In that event the entire co

(From the National Geographic Magazine.)
The canal system of China is the most extensive in the world, with the possible exception of that of Holland. Wherever the lay of the land permits, the thrifty native has made a canal. Thus he is enabled to carry the products of his labor to a market with the minimum of expense. It must be acknowledged, however, the process is carried out with the expenditure of the maximum of time. The waterways range in size from the Grand Canal, hundreds of miles in length and navigable by deep water junk, to the little "neighborhood" canal of barely sufficient width for two sampars to pass each other. They serve not only the purposes of navigation and, in place of roads, for trade and commerce, but also as local fish preserves, as breeding poels for water fowl, and for laundry purposes. In most of the canals there is more or less current, so they are not the menace to health that is generally supposed. (From the National Geographic Magazine.)